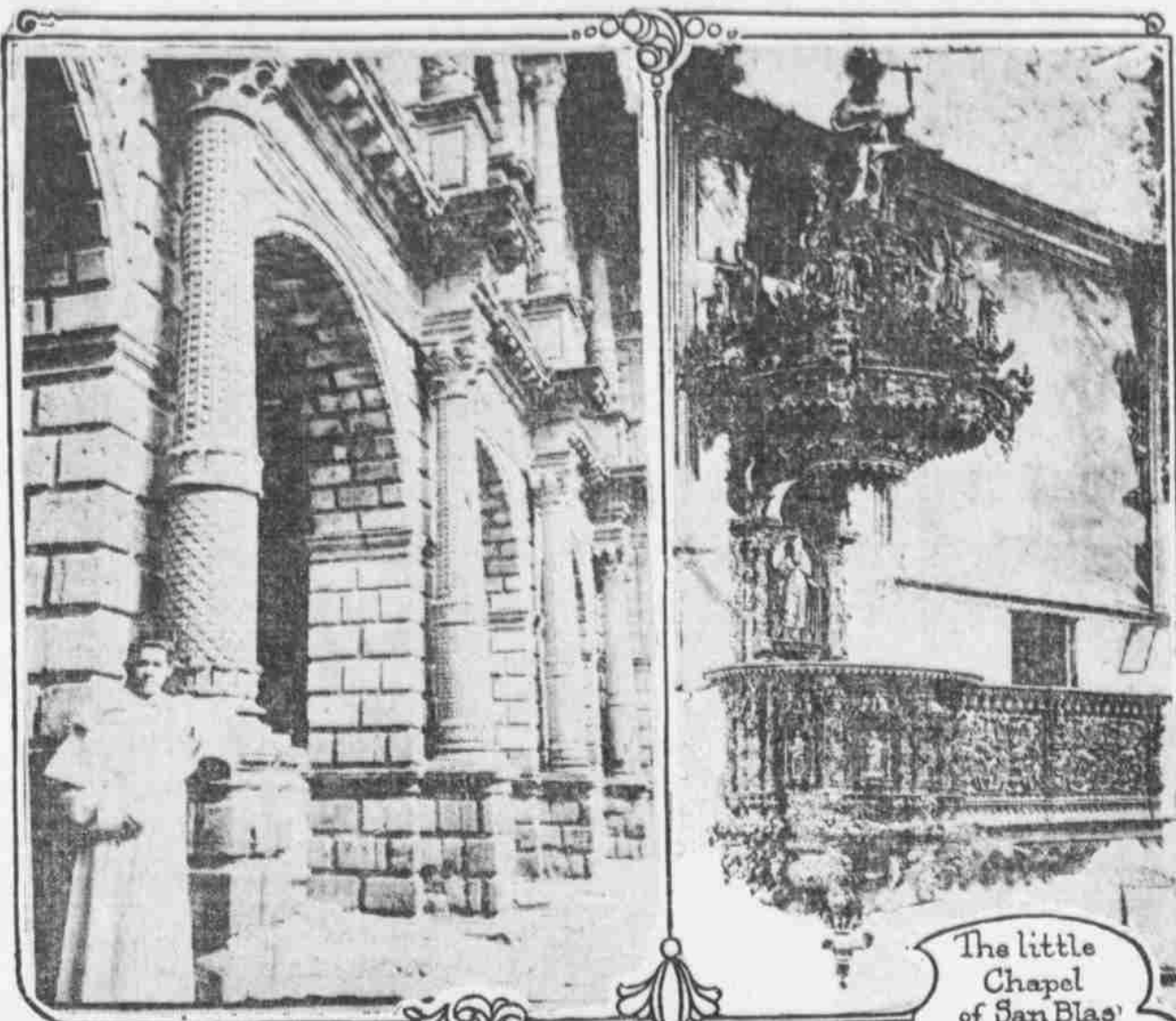


To Cuzco, the Oldest City in South America, by Rail



The little Chapel of San Blas

In the Church of the Mercedes in Cuzco

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank G. Carpenter)

CUZCO, Peru—I am in Cuzco, once the famed capital of the Incas, and now by all odds the most interesting city of modern Peru. It lies here in the heart of the Andean plateau, about 100 miles by rail from the Pacific ocean at the port of Mollendo, and so far inland that with the changes of trains, it takes almost four days to reach it. The cars cross the Andes at a pass that is several hundred feet higher than the top of Pike's peak, and then drops down to a plateau that has the same altitude as the snows which kiss the sky on the summit of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan. You travel over this plateau for about 200 miles, and then enter a beautiful valley about 1,000 feet lower. The plateau is covered with grass, and is spotted with the thatched mud huts of countless Indians of the Incas' descendants. It has good pastures, and upon it are feeding tens of thousands of sheep and great flocks of alpacas and llamas. It has small cultivated patches here and there, but its general aspect is dreary and bleak.

Looks Like Garden of Eden.

The valley has a different appearance. It seems like a Garden of Eden as you descend from the pampas. There are great fields of grain and acres of potatoes and beans. There are patches of quinoa and tracts of green barley, which just now are sprinkled with the yellow blossoms of the mustard that has grown up among it. This land belongs to the hacendados, or the white or half-breed Peruvians. It has some large houses, but everywhere scattered through the farms are Indian villages with their mud huts, the home of the laborers. Some of the fields are surrounded by low fences of stone or mud walls, and many of them are in terraces that rise, step by step, from the valley, high up the slopes of the mountains. There are some pastures, and everywhere are beautiful wild flowers. The whole country looks fertile, rich and well kept. There are cattle and sheep and alpacas, all eating together as they are watched over by Indian herdsmen, the whole forming a picture of prosperity that is accentuated by the poverty of the highlands from which you have dropped.

It is at the head of this beautiful valley that Cuzco is situated. It lies on the slope of the mountains, and as you stand above it on the site of the old fortifications built by the Incas this great fertile tract is spread out before you.

Captivated Manco Capac.

It is probable that it was this sight that made the first Inca king, Manco Capac, choose Cuzco as the capital of his nation. He saw it, hundreds of years before Columbus discovered America, and the empire he founded was already from four to six centuries old, when it was conquered and destroyed by the Spaniards. According to tradition it had been found by a race that was descended from a child of the sun, and placed by him on an island in Lake Titicaca. A prince and princess of this race were given a golden rod by the sun god and told to go forth and civilize the savages which then inhabited the high plateaus of the Andes. They were told to select as the site of their city where that rod should sink into the earth. As the story goes, they traveled across the pampas over much the same route that I came by the railroad, and when they reached here the golden rod fell and disappeared in the ground.

On that spot they outlined the chief plaza and about it grew up ancient Cuzco. Whether this story be true or not, it is certain that here the Incas built a great city and that for generations this was the capital of their empire that reached two or three thousand miles north and south. The Inca dominions took in what is now the city of Quito, in Ecuador, and extended to far below where now stands Santiago, the capital of Chile.

Metropolis for Millions.

Cuzco itself then contained over two hundred thousand inhabitants, and the people ruled from it were numbered by the tens of millions. They were by far the most civilized of all South America, and it is a question whether they were not more advanced than the Aztecs. They constructed wonderful buildings with temples and palaces and great fortifications, the ruins of which I shall describe later on.

The Incas knew how to mine gold and silver and were skillful in the smelting and refining of copper and lead. They had copper tools and they were expert goldsmiths and silversmiths. They took the wild llamas and alpacas of the pampas and tamed them. They made the llamas their beasts of burden, and from the wool of the alpaca they wove all

sorts of garments and beautiful blankets. They made hats and shoes and were skilled in the dyeing of fabrics.

The Incas, whose ancestors date back almost to the time of Christ's birth, knew something of astronomy. They observed the equinoxes and the eclipses of the moon and the sun. They had a land system and were skilled in the building of roads. They knew something of arithmetic and made calculations by means of knots and strings of different colors. They had musical instruments like some that their descendants play upon today, and it is said that they had songs of love-making, and even plays and a drama.

Agriculture of the Incas.

The Incas cultivated first the valley of Cuzco, and from there spread their farms out until they included a vast part of the high Andes. They swarmed over the plateaus, and today you can see the terraces they made not only here and there, but all through the wide valley that lies between these lofty mountains from Ecuador far down into Peru. They cultivated tens of thousands of square miles on the high mountain slopes, that have since gone to waste, but which are marked by the stone walls they built to hold in the earth. It is on the site of the ancient capital of this nation that I am writing this letter.

The Cuzco of today is not more than one-tenth the size it was when Pizarro first saw it. It has now about 20,000, and it is more like a city of old Spain built during the days of Columbus than the magnificent capital of Atahualpa, the Inca king. The town is made of one, two and three-story buildings of stone or adobe, covered with plaster. It has roofs of light red tiles that sparkle under the blue sky and bright sun of the Andes. Its houses have walls of bright colors; they are all close to the sidewalks, running along narrow streets paved with rough cobblestones. The streets are not more than twenty or thirty feet wide, and from above you see nothing but this terra cotta expanse of ridged roofs rising and falling with the slopes of the city, and crossed here and there by streaks of bright blue marking the streets.

Spanish Spires Overtop All.

High above the houses, however, and all over the city rise the domes and spires of the great churches and convents built by the Spaniards, when they had grown rich by enslaving the Indians and taking the vast hoards of silver and gold they found in their capital. Cuzco has a church for every 1,000 inhabitants, and some of them are so magnificent that they would attract attention in any country of Europe. Right in the center of the town is a beautiful plaza cut out of what was once the chief central square of the Incas. Its area is now not more than four or five acres, but five churches face upon it, including the cathedral of Cuzco, which itself covers several acres. That building has a church on one side, and just across the way is the great structure of La Compania, which was built by the Jesuits as their house of worship. Adjoining this building is the old Jesuit convent, a magnificent structure, where the monks worked and taught. This was taken by the government when it drove the Jesuits out, and it has been turned into a university. The great patio about which the holy fathers strolled is now used as a tennis court, and I saw the students there playing, driving the ball over the net, when I passed through. Another great church is La Merced, whose interior is one mass of carving, including fluted stone columns, and a ceiling of cedar in panels, exquisitely done. Here my guide was a young priest, whom I photographed in the ciboria. And then there are the church of Santo Domingo, that stands on the foundation of the old Temple of the Incas, and that of San Francisco, whose choir is a mass of rich carving. The little chapel of San Blas has the finest wood pulpit known in the world. It is one mass of carving done by the descendants of the Incas, and is so beautiful that \$25,000 was recently offered for it.

Riches of the Cathedral.

The Cathedral of Cuzco is perhaps the richest of all the Catholic churches on the South American continent. It is a vast museum of carvings plated with gold, of wonderful paintings, some of which are made by the old masters, and of chapels whose altars are solid silver, and whose woodwork is plated with gold. Some of the paintings are forty feet high and twenty feet wide and there is a painting of the Last Supper that measures about thirty by forty feet in size. Several are by Murillo, one is by Van Dyck and several are by Domenichino. One of the altars was presented by Charles V. of Spain and some of the paintings were given by Philip II. I went into the sacristy. This is a museum of antique carving and painting, and in one of the walls is a vault filled

with treasures, including gold, silver and precious stones. The total value is said to be more than \$1,000,000, and a larger part of this is made up by what is known as the custodia, a box that contains the sacrament at the times of processions. This box is solid gold. It weighs thirty-six pounds and it was made of gold plates that were taken from the Inca Temple of the Sun. The diamonds and emeralds upon it are worth more than the gold itself. These treasures are stored away in a closet with a door of wrought iron so rude that it could be opened by

any safe-breaker or common United States burglar. It is perhaps the reverence of the people and the fear of damnation that preserve it from theft. As I stood in the cathedral, mass was being celebrated. Two hundred women, dressed all in black, with black shawls over their heads, knelt on the stone floor. There were perhaps twenty men scattered over the church, and through them all were patches of color made by the Indians who wore ponchos of red, blue or yellow and whose bare feet were turned up to the roof as they muttered their prayers. There were also Indian women in short skirts and red shawls,

some of whom had packs on their backs and not a few of whom had babies.

In Cuzco's Business District. Leaving the cathedral, I took a stroll through the city. I first visited the portales or stores selling Indian goods. These run along the opposite sides of the plaza facing the cathedral. They take up the ground floors of a block of two-story houses, the upper stories of which extend out over the street and are upheld by stone columns, forming an arcade, where the awfully clad customers walk or stand as they shop. The stores are like caves or holes in the wall. The doorways look as though they were cut out with a cross-



A City of Cave Dwellers

cut saw. They are of rectangular shape and are flush with the street. The night I arrived in Cuzco was one of the saint's days, and the stores were shut by thick slabs of wood that come together like the folding doors of a barn. Indeed they look more like stable doors than those of a store. Some of them are four inches thick. All are closed, and kept so with great padlocks of wrought iron, centuries old. Single locks weigh ten or twenty pounds, and they are so constructed that one must use a half dozen keys to open them.

Women Run the Shops.

The next day as I again strolled through these arcades I saw that all of the storekeepers are women. They are all cholins who wear very full skirts and who keep their shawls and hats on while attending to business. Many of them have some manufacturing, in addition to their selling. They have little hand sewing machines which they rest upon boxes or chairs, and kneeling or sitting on the floor, make the garments that the Indians wear.

From these cave-like shops I walked around the corner and up a narrow street walled with merchandising establishments of a better class. Here the stores are larger, but they have the same cave-like entrances and are of much the same character. One block is called Coca street, because every shop on each side of it has bales of coca leaves among its wares. I watched the Indians shopping and noticed that each of them bought coca, although the most of them had at the time quids of these leaves in their cheeks.

Going onward, I passed the ancient fountain built by the Incas and watched the ponzo or Indian man house servant filling his jars. This fountain represents a young girl with a figure like a chrysanthemum over her head, on the top of which is a cross. The figure is nude and out of the breasts pour two continuous streams of pure water.

In the Public Market.

A little further on I stopped to look at the market. This is held in a plaza about half of which is covered with long galvanized iron sheds upheld by posts. Under the sheds are zinc counters upon which the meat is laid out for sale, and farther over are sheds for vegetables, where the Indian and Cholo women sit on the stones with their wares piled around them. Still further over are sheds for fruits, and in the wide, open spaces out in the sun, they are selling fuel consisting of wood, llama droppings and charcoal. There are other peddlers here and there, and scattered about are cook shops, where the Quicha Indians are

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

ERUPTION ON HAND COULD NOT SLEEP

Looked Like Boils. Inflamed, Itched and Hurt. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Hand Well.



R. R. No. 17, Thornton, Ind.—"My husband while working skinned a little place on his hand and it made a running sore and others broke out all around it. They looked like boils. The skin all around them was red and inflamed. It would itch and hurt so badly that he could not sleep at night."

"We tried several kinds of medicines but nothing helped it until I saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I went and got a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after the first two or three days using it began to heal. It would bathe the sores with the Cuticura Soap and then use the Cuticura Ointment night and morning. He used one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment. In a week's time his hand was well." (Signed) Mrs. Bertha Gleason, June 10, 1913.

In the care of baby's skin and hair, Cuticura Soap is the mother's favorite. Not only is it unrivaled in purity and refreshing fragrance, but its gentle emollient properties are usually sufficient to allay minor irritations, remove redness, roughness and chafing, and soothe sensitive conditions. Assisted by Cuticura Ointment, it is most valuable in the treatment of eczemas, rashes and other itching, burning infantile eruptions. Sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 22-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.



Invest Your Money In Omaha Real Estate

Not for many years have there been greater opportunities than at the present time for safe, promising investments in Omaha real estate. It is doubtful if any other city approximating the size of Omaha possesses a business record as steady and consistent, builded on a sound, economic basis.

Property values as a whole have not kept pace with the growth of population and wealth in Omaha. Healthy increases are accordingly close at hand. The recent record prices for both business, residential and suburban property point toward a rapid rise during this spring and summer. On this point, real estate dealers are sanguine, to say the least.

The prospective investor, large or small, is showing foresight and good business judgment when he sets out to acquaint himself with real estate values and conditions. The man who KNOWS is the man who makes a wiser investment of his money.

Information of this character may be obtained from an investigation of the real estate advertisements in today's Bee. The most desirable bargains in Omaha real estate have been collected and published in the classified section today. These offerings are unusually attractive and care has been taken to make it as easy as possible for interested people to get accurate and up-to-date information.

Commerce moves on real estate, great stores and buildings are built on real estate, human beings exist, move about and transact business on real estate, fortunes are made through dealings with the opportunities Mother Earth possesses. Real estate is consequently worth while studying and intensely interesting to the man who wants to invest his money to the best advantage with a minimum of risk.

A daily newspaper always contains the latest information and the real estate columns of The Bee are typical of a newspaper's best service.

THE OMAHA BEE